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PLATES

GEORGE H. SEELEY.

- I. The Firefly.
- II. The Black Bowl.
- III. Blotches of Sunlight and Spots of Ink.
- IV. The Burning of Rome.
- V. Girl with Dog.
- VI. The White Landscape.













IN PRAISE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

IT is very interesting to be in at the birth of an art. This is the privilege of those who are watching the steady advance of the Photo-Secession and their European associates. In the best of this work it seems to me that these men already have proved that photography can do certain things that can not be accomplished by any other medium. This will appear a horrifying assertion to a hide-bound laborer in one of the older arts, but once granted that the camera is an art tool it is a perfectly logical statement. It would be a strange tool that could not achieve something that no other tool could do.

To record purely individual impressions, even impressions of the moment, two instances that stand out most vividly before me are connected with a series of studies of the nude made in collaboration by Mr. Clarence H. White and Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, and a "snap shot"—a snap shot which lasted four weeks, however, for the mental exposure—by Mr. Stieglitz working alone. This is not saying that there are not other prints in these classes as good, or even better—although I do not quite see how that could be—but it is merely taking some extraordinarily beautiful examples as illustrations for my argument, for they are certainly special feats in the rendition of architecture and the nude.

In the very best one of the series of nudes, made from an unusually fine subject, there is a delicacy of modeling in the torso, and a peculiarly elusive and subtle play of shadow over exquisite surfaces which after all only the camera in the hands of a master could catch. No human hand could render it in this way in any medium.

This brings us at once to the question, "Yes, but was it worth doing?" No one who is sensitive to beauty, no matter what his previous prejudices may have been, could hold this print in his hand and fail to enjoy it and be true to his own art, whatever it might be. If it is worth doing, then the camera has no rival, for this is the truth of beauty, or to put it in another way the beauty of truth. Given a beautiful subject to start with, a master who can fairly make his camera *see*, can get a result that is not only beautiful but that comes pretty near to absolute truth. And if a beautiful thing is seen beautifully, absolute truth in the rendering of the artistic vision is a desideratum indeed. This brings us to the fact that in photography beauty in the model is of prime importance, as defects in line and modeling in the subject can not be—or rather, as an advocate of pure photography I believe *should* not be—corrected by hand.

In the architectural subject is to be seen an admirable demonstration of the fact that it is possible to get the spirit of architecture by photography as truly as Monet got it in his twelve wonderful studies of Rouen cathedral in various atmospheric phases and at different times of day and night. In addition, there can be obtained an absolute accuracy of drawing—truth again, you see—that mortal mind can not even grasp, and it can be rendered as impressionistically as may be desired. Delicacy and strength and truth—what

more could one ask for in a work of art? I am not comparing this photograph with Monet's color work and saying that Mr. Stieglitz could do the same thing that Monet did and better, but I am saying that photography can get the spirit of architecture in a certain peculiar way which no man working with another tool can hope to rival.

A man who will stand with a camera at a window for four weeks, driving all his friends and relatives to drink from watching him, in order to catch just the right moment for taking a snap shot, is an artist. In fact, he comes pretty near to being a genius, for he possesses the capacity for taking infinite pains. He approximates that artist in horticulture, Luther Burbank, who examined seventeen thousand blackberry bushes to make sure of getting the best one of the lot for a certain prospective experiment in cross-breeding.

The other worker in photography who took seventy-two photographs of a subject and used only one, worked in a different way to the same end when he destroyed his seventy-one unused negatives. But the long study of the subject before actually making the negative is the better way, I am inclined to think. It is more like the Japanese method of making their art-pupils study a flower, a plant, a blade of grass for days and days before putting pen, or rather in their case, brush to paper. After all, art is merely seeing. The function of art being to teach us to see; the artist who sees best and most thoroughly himself before making the record of an impression will be the one who will most vividly convey that impression to others.

However, the real strength of at least the Photo-Secession part of the photographic movement lies not in those material expressions of their art feeling, but in the spirit back of them, which is extraordinary in its single-mindedness and its devotion. Of course, the workers have had their troubles, but few groups in the history of art have held together so well. The best photographers of all countries, taken together, make but a small group and they doubtless recognize the fact, even if some of them apparently do it sub-consciously, that upon them rests the whole future of this new art. If they fail to do their utmost, individually or collectively, although as an art it can not die, it will be retarded for many years in the natural, healthful progress it otherwise will make.

The American workers should find a double inspiration in the fact that the movement centers in this country. It is practically the only art movement in which we are actually at the head of the procession. The position brings a double burden with it, but if the enthusiasm and determination which have been manifested during the past years are maintained, as there is every reason to believe that they will be, the strength for carrying the load will come without conscious effort, the secret of it all being in joyous work. We not only hasten with delight to labor that we love but we do a lot of it without exhaustion. And it is this sort of work that is permanent, that is laying a solid foundation for this new art; for in the arts that which is done without conscious effort by a really big man is his best work. At such times the artist knows what inspiration is. He becomes nothing more than a


medium, a link between two worlds, and ideas flash *through* him, not of his own volition—as an electric current flashes down a wire to the earth. The problem for the artist, then, seems to be to keep his wire clear. How to do this in these strenuous and material times is indeed a problem.

Of course, photographers must remember that theirs is after all but a monochrome art, and that they are shut out from the whole wonderful world of color. There are other arts, like theirs, without the pale. One might say that there is no color in sculpture, but it seems extremely likely that the Greeks, in the golden age of sculpture, colored their statues elaborately, and used gilding to boot. Nature is all color and I come back constantly to the conviction that photography must become a broader art, and that the problem of color must be boldly attacked soon, not merely timidly experimented with as in the past. Some of the best prints fairly cry out for color, almost approach it. In other monochrome processes there is no such feeling. In etching, for instance, there is no more call for color than there is in pen-and-ink-drawing. It is true that color has been used in etching but it has usually resulted in the production of monstrosities, proving that it is unnatural.

How color is to be reached I do not know. That is for the workers to discover; I only know that I feel strongly that the modern photographic print needs color in order to make it a complete work of art. Another burden for the pioneer!

J. M. BOWLES

THE NEW COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—A BIT OF HISTORY.

OLOR photography is an accomplished fact. The seemingly everlasting question whether color would ever be within the reach of the photographer has been definitely answered. This answer the Lumières, of France, have supplied. For fourteen years, it is related, they have been seeking it. Thanks to their science, perseverance, and patience, practical application and unlimited means, these men have finally achieved what many of us had looked upon practically as unachievable. Prof. Lippmann, of the Sorbonne at Paris, had a few years ago actually obtained scientifically correct color photographs, but his methods were so difficult and uncertain as to make each success very costly. In consequence his invention is only of scientific value. But the Autochrome Plate, as the plate invented and made by the Lumières has been named, permits every photographer to obtain color photographs with an ordinary camera and with the greatest ease and quickness. The Lumières evolved their plate from the theories of others, but the practical solution is entirely theirs. They have given the world a process which in history will rank with the startling and wonderful inventions of those two other Frenchmen, Daguerre and Niépce. We venture to predict that in all likelihood what the Daguerreotype has been to modern monochrome photography, the Autochromotype will be to the future color photography. We believe the capitalist, who has for obvious reasons fought shy of color "fanatics," will now, in view of the beautiful and readily obtained practical results with the Autochrome plate, untie his purse-strings and support the color experimenters whose numbers are already legion. The latter will thus receive a fair opportunity to work out their innumerable theories and countless patents. Who can predict what may yet be in store for us from these sources? In the meantime we rejoice in what we have. It will be hard to beat.

The Autochrome Plate photographs color automatically. A transparent support (glass) is covered with an adhesive matter which receives a coating of potato-starch grains dyed blue-violet, green, and red-orange. After isolating this with a waterproof varnish (zapon, we believe) it is coated with a panchromatic (collodion) emulsion. The exposure is made in the usual way, but with the glass side of the plate facing the lens, so that the light passes through the colored grains and only then reaches the emulsion. The lens is fitted with a special yellow filter made by the Lumières for the plate. The plate is developed and then, without fixing, is treated in broad daylight with an acid permanganate reducer, rinsed and re-developed. The result is a positive print in natural colors. If the exposure has been correct—and correct exposure is *the* essential for ultimate success—the results are uncommonly realistic. Thus far only one picture can result from each exposure. It is a transparency which can only be seen properly by transmitted white light or, if small enough to put into the lantern, on the screen. The Lumières, as well as others, are now at

work trying to make possible the multiplication of the original, but so far the experimental stage has not been passed. No print on paper will ever present the colors as brilliantly as those seen on the transparencies. This is due to the difference of reflected and transmitted light. The solution of the problem is but a matter of time.

It was in the beginning of June that the plates in small quantities were put on the market in Paris; a few plates had been sent to Germany to be tested by scientific experts. Elsewhere none were to be had. Fortunately for ourselves, Steichen and I were in Paris when Lumière was to demonstrate his process for the first time. The following letter sent by me to the Editor of *Photography* (London) speaks for itself: It is reprinted with the Editor's comments:

“THE COLOR PROBLEM FOR PRACTICAL WORK SOLVED.

The characteristically outspoken letter from Mr. Stieglitz, which we print below, will be read with interest by those who have seen some of the amusing deprecatory statements as to the real meaning of the Autochrome advance.

Sir,—Your enthusiasm about the Lumière Autochrome plates and the results to be obtained with them is well founded. I have read every word *Photography* has published on the subject. Nothing you have written is an exaggeration. No matter what you or anyone else may write on the subject and in praise of the results, the pictures themselves are so startlingly true that they surpass anyone's keenest expectations.

I fear that those of your contemporaries who are decrying and belittling what they have not seen, and seem to know nothing about, will in the near future, have to do some crawling. For upwards of twenty years I have been closely identified with color photography. I paid much good coin before I came to the conclusion that color, so far as practical purposes were concerned, would ever remain the *perpetual motion* problem of photography.

Over eighteen months ago I was informed from inside sources that Lumière's had actually solved the problem; that in a short time everyone could make color pictures as readily as he could snap films. I smiled incredulously, although the name Lumière gave that smile an awkwardness, Lumière and success and science thus far always having been intimately identified. Good fortune willed it that early this June I was in Paris when the first results were to be shown at the Photo-Club. Steichen and I were to go there together. Steichen went; illness kept me at home. Anxiously I awaited Steichen's report. His “pretty good only” satisfied my vanity of knowing it all.

Steichen nevertheless bought some plates that morning, as he wished to see what results he could obtain. Don't we all know that in photography the manufacturer rarely gets all there is in his own invention? Steichen arrived breathlessly at my hotel to show me his first two pictures. Although comparative failures, they convinced me at a glance that the color problem for practical work had been solved, and that even the most fastidious must be satisfied. These experiments were hastily followed up by others, and in less than a week Steichen had a series of pictures which outdid anything

that Lumière had had to show. I wrote to you about that time, and told you what I had seen and thought, and you remember what you replied. His trip to London, his looking you up and showing you his work, how it took you literally off your feet, how a glance (like with myself) was sufficient to show you that the day had come, your enthusiasm, your own experiments, etc., etc.—all that is history, and is for the most part recorded in your weekly. While in London Steichen did Shaw and Lady Hamilton in color; also a group of four on Davison's house-boat. The pictures are artistically far in advance of anything he had to show you.

The possibilities of the process seem to be unlimited. Steichen's pictures are with me here in Munich; he himself is now in Venice working. It is a positive pleasure to watch the faces of the doubting Thomases—the painters and art critics especially—as they listen interestedly about what the process can do. You feel their cynical smile. Then, showing them the transparencies, one and all faces look positively paralysed, stunned. A color kinematographic record of them would be priceless in many respects. Then enthusiasm, delighted, unbounded, breaks loose, like yours and mine and everyone's who sees decent results. All are amazed at the remarkably truthful color rendering; the wonderful luminosity of the shadows, that bugbear of the photographer in monochrome; the endless range of grays; the richness of the deep colors. In short, soon the world will be color-mad, and Lumière will be responsible.

It is perhaps fortunate that temporarily the plates are out of the market. The difference between the results that will be obtained between the artistic fine feeling and the everyday blind will even be greater in color than in monochrome. Heaven have pity on us. But the good will eventually outweigh the evil, as in all things. I for one have learned above all that no problem seems to be beyond the reach of science.

Yours truly,

Tutzing, Munich, July 31st, 1907.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ."

When Steichen visited Mr. Bayley, the editor of *Photography*, he gave him a box of plates to try and judge for himself what could be done with them. It is needless to say that Bayley took the cue. *Photography* came out at once with a blare of trumpets about the wonderful invention. The Steichen interview was printed in full. As no plates could be had in Great Britain until very recently—even France had virtually none in July and part of August owing to some trouble in the factory at Lyons—and as the editors had no opportunity of seeing any pictures, Bayley and his enthusiasm were laughed at with derision. It was then that my letter was written. As a result some of the English Dailies which devote space regularly to photography had become keenly interested in Color Photography, although none had seen any actual results. In the United States also, most of the editors having followed the English press, were having great sport with the claims made about the pictures which they had not seen. Then followed, therefore, a second letter to Bayley. It is more suggestive than comprehensive:

“MR. STIEGLITZ ON THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN AUTOCHROME.

The following extract from a letter to hand from Mr. Stieglitz, which we have had his permission to publish, was written under the impression that the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* referred to had sufficient knowledge of the process and its results to give his opinion weight. We are informed that when the paragraph in question was penned he had seen no representative work on the Autochrome plates whatever. But the value of Mr. Stieglitz's views does not depend on the triviality or otherwise of the occasion that called them forth.

Why does a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 23 rush into print and jump at erroneous conclusions not only about the Autochrome process, but about myself? I have overlooked nothing in considering the Lumière method of producing color photographs, I can assure him.

No one realizes more fully than I do what has been accomplished so far in color photography, what really beautiful results have occasionally been achieved in press color printing, and also in the other color processes thus far invented—Ives' Chromoscope, Lippmann, etc.* It is even my good luck now to be in Munich, where color printing is probably carried to the most perfect degree of the day, and where Dr. Albert—undoubtedly one of the greatest of all color experimenters as far as theory and practical achievement are concerned—has his laboratory and his plant. I have seen him; seen his newest experiments and latest results, and these, I can assure my readers, are in their way as remarkable as Lumières are in theirs. His methods are mostly still unpublished, and the world knows but little of what he has in store for it. A revolution as far as the production of color plates for letter-press printing is concerned is close at hand, thanks to Albert's genius.

Albert is a rare man in more ways than one; his is a scientific mind combined with a goodly portion of natural artistic feeling. Upon my showing him Steichen's color transparencies he granted at a glance—the glance of a student and expert—that in color photography he had seen nothing quite so true and beautifully rendered as Shaw's hands and wrists. Probably nothing in painting has been rendered more subtly, more lovingly, than has been by the camera in this instance.

We all realize that the Lumière process is far from perfection. It has its limitations, like every other process, but these limitations are by no means as narrow as we were originally led to believe.

We know that for the present at least the rendering of a pure white † seems impossible. Yet, artistically considered, this is not necessarily a fault. The photographer who is an artist and who has a conception of color will know how to make use of it. Steichen's newer experiments, as well as those now being made by Frank Eugene and myself, have proven to our satisfaction that the Lumière method has quite some elasticity, and promises much that will be joyous and delightful to even the most sensitive eye.

Certain results I have in my mind's eye may eventually lead to endless controversy similar to that waged not so very long ago about sharpness and diffusion, and to that now being waged about “straight” and “crooked”

* Etc. includes Joly, Sanger Shepherd, Brasseur, Pinatypie, Miethe, McDonough and others.

† Read scientifically pure white.—EDITOR.

photography. But why consider that of importance? I wish to repeat that the Lumière process is only seemingly nothing more than a mechanical one. It is generally supposed that every photographer will be able to get fine artistic pictures in color merely by following the Lumière instructions, but I fear that suppositions are based upon mere illusions. Given a Steichen and a Jones to photograph the same thing at the same time, the results will, like those in black and white, in the one case reflect Steichen, and in the other case probably the camera and lens—in short, the misused process. Why this should be so in a *mechanical* process—*mechanical* and *automatic* are not synonymous—is one of those phenomena not yet explained, but still understood by some.

The Lumière process, imperfect as some may consider it, has actually brought color photography in our homes for the first time, and in a beautifully ingenious, quick, and direct way. It is not the ideal solution of color photography by any means, but it is a beautiful one, and, with all its shortcomings, when properly used will give satisfaction even to the most fastidious. Those who have seen the Steichen pictures are all of one opinion. Lumière's own examples which I have thus far seen, as well as those samples shown me at the various dealers in Munich, would never have aroused me to enthusiasm nor led me to try the process myself. That in itself tells a story."

My own opinion about the plates is reflected in the two letters, and little need be added to them. Eugene and I continued our experiments in Tutzing, but owing to circumstances over which we had no control, they were only of a comparatively short duration and made under great difficulties. We satisfied ourselves, nevertheless, that the scope of the plates was nearly as remarkable as the invention itself. The tests—permanency, and for keeping qualities, were all considered in the experiments. The varnishing question, an important one, is still unsettled in my mind. In short, the process received a thorough practical test in my hands, and my enthusiasm grew greater with every experiment, although the trials and tribulations were many, and the failures not few. On getting to Paris, on my way back to New York, I found that Steichen had not been idle; he had far surpassed his early efforts. He had been experimenting chiefly to get quality and tone, and had obtained some beautiful pictures. In fact he had evolved a method of his own for treating the plates.* Hand-work of any kind will show on the plates—that is one of the blessings of the process—and faking is out

* A special supplement to CAMERA WORK is in the course of preparation. It is to deal with this new color photography. Steichen is preparing the text. The celebrated firm of Bruckmann, in Munich, early in July received the order to reproduce four of Steichen's early efforts for the book. They are the pictures of Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Alfred Stieglitz, G. Bernard Shaw, and the portrait group made on Mr. George Davison's house-boat. The date of publication will be announced later.—EDITOR.

of the question. Steichen's methods are solely chemical ones, as must be everyone else's. This for the benefit of the many ready to jump at erroneous conclusions. On September 18th, I sailed from Europe with a series of pictures made by Steichen, Eugene, and myself. On the 24th I landed, and on the 26th the Press received the following notice :

"NEW YORK, September 26, 1907.

To the Press :

GENTLEMEN :— Color photography is an accomplished fact. That this is actually true will be demonstrated at an exhibition, reserved exclusively for the Press, in the Photo-Secession Galleries, 291 Fifth Avenue, on Friday and Saturday, September 27 and 28, between the hours of 10 and 12 A. M., and 2 and 4 P. M.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, having just returned from Europe, has brought with him a selection of color photographs made by Eduard J. Steichen, Frank Eugene and himself.

They will demonstrate some of the possibilities of the remarkable Lumière Autochrome Process, only recently perfected and placed upon the French market. These pictures are the first of the kind to be shown in America. You are invited to attend the exhibition.

Yours truly,

ALFRED STIEGLITZ,
Director of the Photo-Secession."

On the days designated the Secession rooms were crowded with the best talent from the Press. One and all were amazed and delighted with what was shown them. A few had seen pictures done in Lyons by the Lumières themselves, and were not favorably impressed with them. Our early verdict was unanimously upheld. Thus, color photography and its wonders were set loose upon America. As I write, no plates are in the American market. The agents expect them daily. The practical uses to which the process can be put are really unlimited; the purely pictorial will eventually be but a side issue. Nevertheless, the effect of these pictorial color photographs when up to the Secession standards will be revolutionary, and not alone in photographic circles. Here then is another dream come true. And on the Kaiser Wilhelm II I experienced the marvelous sensation within the space of an hour of marconigraphing from mid-ocean; of listening to the Welte-Mignon piano which reproduces automatically and perfectly the playing of any pianist (I actually heard D'Albert, Paderewski, Essipoff, and others of equal note while they were thousands of miles from the piano); and of looking at those unbelievable color photographs! How easily we learn to live on former visions!

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

IMPORTANT RECOGNITION OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has officially recognized the claims of Pictorial Photography. Mr. Clarence H. White now of New York, one of the active and leading spirits of the Photo-Secession, has been appointed to deliver a series of lectures on Pictorial Photography at the University this winter. This is the first important educational institution of its type to recognize what we have battled for so untiringly. The recognition is an encouraging omen and will be gratifying to the many so deeply interested in the Photo-Secession and its aims.


Virtually at the same time Mr. Frank Eugene, another member of the Secession, residing temporarily in Munich, was appointed by the *Lehr-und Versuchs-Anstalt für Photographie und Reproduktionstechnik*, a State Institution, to lecture on Pictorial Photography. Eugene had created a positive *furore* in the Munich art circles with an exhibition of photographs held at the Kunstverein in May. This was the cause of his appointment.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE LITTLE GALLERIES.

IN the beginning of November the Photo-Secession will begin its third season of exhibitions at the Little Galleries, 291 Fifth Avenue, New York. The usual Member's Show will inaugurate the series. During this exhibition the public will have an opportunity of seeing the color experiments and pictures made on the Autochrome Plate elsewhere referred to in these pages.

Some of the exhibitions planned for the succeeding month are: Drawings by Rodin; Etchings by Willi Geiger, of Munich; Photographs, by Frank Eugene; by Eduard J. Steichen, in color and monochrome; by Joseph T. Keiley; by F. Holland Day; a series of platinotype studies made by Clarence H. White and Alfred Stieglitz in collaboration; a collection of French oil and gum prints; new drawings by Pamela Colman Smith; gum prints by Prof. Hans Watzek, Dr. Hugo Henneberg, and Heinrich Kühn.

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.*

“HE simply had to make pictures. She could not help it. Why, she did it from the beginning. When she was a little bit of a thing, out at our frontier home, often, when the water fell upon the kitchen floor, I have caught her, tracing with a stick (by drawing it through the little pool and making the water follow the line of the stick) funny little pictures.

“We tried to make a musician of her, but she would have none of it. Her father had a piano packed all the way across the prairie for her use. At the same time he had one or two paintings brought out by the pack-train to beautify our bare log walls. These were hung in the room that served as our dining-room and parlor. Shortly afterward, glancing into the room, looking for little Gertrude, whom I had missed for some while, I found the child on one knee on the floor, on the opposite side of the room from one of the pictures, viewing it through her small hands, telescope-like, talking to herself meanwhile, asking herself if it would ever be possible for her to make such a picture. The child was simply crazy about pictures, while no persuasion or threat could make her take up the study of the piano. This was specially aggravating, as it was no simple matter to have a piano in that part of the country, where even a house of any size was a curiosity, and white women and children almost unknown.

“I and my children were the only ones in our section, and the white hunters and trappers used to come miles and miles to see us. They were very good and kind to us, and it would have fared ill with any one who attempted to insult or injure us. I remember how at Christmas-time they told me I should hang outside our house-door, not our stockings, but a big pillowcase. They went or sent hundreds of miles to get some of the gifts that they showered upon us, and the pillowcase was full to overflowing with their kindly and quaint offerings. Among other things was a little packet which Gertrude seized and tore open. It contained a little, illustrated spelling primer—a great rarity in those parts—and a beautiful gold ring. The ring fell to the floor unnoticed, as the child simply devoured the crude little illustrations of the book.

“We always had to keep on the watch for hostile Indians. I don't see why Gertrude likes Indians so much now. She has not them to thank that she is here to-day. I can not help feeling, from my own knowledge and experience, that the only good Indian is the dead one. Once, on one of my trips, it was so terribly cold that I had to make the children walk through the heavy exhausting snow to keep them from dozing off into the great frozen sleep of those terrible winters. You feel so tired, your eyes get terribly heavy, a delicious feeling of sleep creeps all through your blood; you find it hard to resist the tempting rest. It seems so good, so good, too good to be harmful. But very few ever again wake out of it in this world. Gertrude

*Reprinted with permission from PHOTOGRAPHY (London), March 19, 1904.

had no companions in those old Colorado days, for her brother was but an infant then; but she had a most wonderful imagination, and made companions for herself out of the pots and pans in the kitchen and the flowers and trees without. In her childish fancy, they held converse with her, and told her many strange and wonderful things, she said. She would talk with them by the hour, and for her they were imbued with fairy life. Ah, me! There have been many changes since then," and Mrs. Käsebier's old mother lapsed into reminiscent silence.

Many changes there had been, and the subject of our conversation had become one of the best-known workers in the pictorial photographic world.

Mrs. Käsebier had married, and her eldest daughter had grown almost to womanhood, and become a really proficient musician, before her mother had had the opportunity seriously to take up the study of art. Leaving the West when still a young child, she, with her family, came East. Later she tried, without success, to enter the old Cooper Union Art School—the only art school of any importance then existing in New York—but the school was overcrowded, there were applications a year ahead of hers. It was only after her family was well grown that she was able seriously to turn to her art studies. She took a course at the Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, New York, and later went to Paris.

Before entering upon her art course, she had possessed herself of a camera, a crude clumsy affair, but her art teachers so inveighed against photography for serious picture-making purposes that she shamefacedly put her camera to one side. When she was starting for Paris she practically promised friends and teachers not to take her camera with her; but at the last minute there remained a space to be filled in her trunk, which her camera just fitted, so in it went, and the die was cast.

"One day," said Mrs. Käsebier in a lecture before the Philadelphia Society, "when it was too rainy to go into the fields, I made a time exposure in the house, simply as an experiment. The result was so surprising to me that from that moment I knew I had found my vocation. I shall never forget that low-ceilinged, dark-walled, north room in that old French village where I made my first portrait study."

From that time she worked on with all the vigor of an exceptionally vigorous nature. She had no dark room, no running water, the twilights were long, so that she could not begin her development much before ten o'clock. Often she worked till dawn, carrying her plates down to the river to wash them. Her camera was of American make, so that she had to have her plates cut especially to fit her holders. This and similar inconveniences, the least of which would have discouraged a less determined worker, she met and vanquished. Realizing that her knowledge of chemistry was insufficient, being entirely self-taught, and being more familiar with the German than the French language, she went to Germany, where she apprenticed herself to a German chemist.

"The first picture I gave him for criticism," she relates, "was that of an old woman standing in a strong sunlight. Pointing to the interesting shadow

cast by the figure, he said, 'You must remove *that* by retouching, and then it will be very fine.' 'What! Remove a shadow—a natural effect—a thing that gives snap to the whole? Never!' 'Ah! but the public do not like shadows!' That was the key to the artistic atmosphere I encountered in Germany."

The "artistic atmosphere" throughout the entire photo-professional world was almost universally pervaded with this anti-shadowism—an ism, in the most pronounced sense of the word, from the standpoint of nature and true beauty: and it was this very thing, together with its accompanying "lack of atmosphere" in professional portraits, that Mrs. Käsebier was destined successfully to combat.

On her return to America, having determined to take to camera portraiture professionally, and being without experience, she sought a position in the studio of a professional photographer, as one of the ordinary employees of the place. Of this she has said, "I spent some months of working days in a photographic establishment in New York for the sake of knowing the viewpoint of the other fellow. I served in the studio; I developed; I printed; I toned; I mounted; I retouched; I acquired the knack of handling materials in quantities, and caught the swing of the business. I purposely forgot for the time that I had any other aim than to be a commercial photographer. I also took away with me something on which I had not reckoned. For when I returned to my own way of work, more than convinced that the path I had chosen was the right one—for me at least—it took me some weeks to shake off the influence of the methods of the shop."

Almost from the day that Mrs. Käsebier opened her studio she has exercised a marked influence which has ever been broadening. Alfred Stieglitz—ever alert to the interest and development of artistic photography—among the first to find her out, saw the positive worth of her work, urged her to fight against all odds when seemingly there was no public for it, encouraged her by his unflinching faith in its value, and did all in his power to make it generally known to the photographic world through the pages of *Camera Notes* and on the walls of the Camera Club. Its appearance raised in certain quarters a perfect storm of indignation. It was declared freakish, faddish, and the like. Some of the professional world took offence, and Mrs. Käsebier was subjected to considerable abuse and ridicule, both in certain professional publications, and even in speeches at the conventions. Some caricatured it; some wanted to consign the "stuff" to the "ash-barrel." For a time certain of the professional element refused to consider Mrs. Käsebier as a "professional," and she was repeatedly referred to in speech and print as an amateur. But any one who is familiar with the American professional photographic world and its conventions, etc., needs no assurance from me that it is composed, with few exceptions, of clever, progressive people, who wish to do the right thing and be entirely fair.

The very attacks on Mrs. Käsebier made them think, and from not agreeing or violently opposing, largely because of the misleading things that

had been published of her, they came to hearken earnestly to her words and teachings, and in many cases to follow her example. The retouched, unreal, unatmospheric, stiff-posed, head-rested abominations, have almost completely disappeared from the showcases of the leading professional workers throughout the country. In their places have appeared tastefully mounted, nicely lighted, naturally posed studies, showing shadow, atmosphere, and often good pictorial composition. Rudimentary art education for the professional photographer is earnestly advocated, and the adoption of higher and more individual standards urged. This, of course, would have come to pass eventually in any event; but it is largely due to the influence of Mrs. Käsebier's work and personality that it has come so soon.

Working, not from necessity, but from sheer love of it, she has set up the following as her artistic creed: *That to accomplish artistic work, of any individual worth, nature must be seen through the medium of the artist's intellectual emotions, and that all the while the artist must be on his guard against being led into artificial channels.*

The wild-nature environments of her early childhood, with the semi-savage and altogether picturesque element of Indian life, its dangers and its poetry, have left indelible markings upon Mrs. Käsebier's character of the breeziness of the open prairie and the fearless independence of the frontier. The Indian she sees not through the eye of her mother—who was compelled at times to hide with her children under the stage-coach seats for protection from the bullets, and who was ever in fear of the swooping down upon the little home of a band of roving braves—but through those of the child, who found companionship in the trees and flowers of the forest, and who came to look upon the Indian as part of that wild nature whose beauty she knew, whose brutality she was too young to grasp. Viewing people and life through the medium of her imagination and emotions; carried away sometimes by the mere ravishment of color, sometimes by delight of line harmony or the power of splendid massings of light and shade; swayed at times solely by the dominating influence of strong personality—all of which she translates into the pictorial language of her own imaginations or emotions—her pictorial work, while necessarily uneven, is always forceful and never monotonous. Sometimes it is masterful in tone values, or splendid in massing, and correspondingly shortcoming in line.

Again, its line values dominate all else. In other instances all these are forgotten in the rendering of the facial expression. This is due to the intenseness of her nature, which impels her to throw herself entirely into the immediate purpose of the moment. If that moment be perchance one of those rare even with the greatest—when all things harmonize—when line, tone, massing, subject, all are in accord and appeal equally, there comes into being what is recognized universally as a masterpiece.

Her sitters are dominated by her personality and plastic to the molding of her will, and she uses them to express the pictorial conception that they have awakened in her imagination.

The influence of Mrs. Käsebier's work is widespread, and is felt abroad

almost as much as here, especially in Germany, where one can hardly pick up a leading photographic magazine without finding in it a reproduction of one of her photographs, or a reference to her work.

Her personality, almost as much as her artistic genius, has helped her vastly to win the position she now holds. Among her patrons are numbered people of all classes—from the most exclusive to the most democratic, from the red beblanketed Indian to the class represented by a certain dainty English lord, who writes pretty verses and indites notes on odd writing-paper, antiquely folded and sealed. Many simply use photography as an excuse to meet and converse with her, so well and favorably is she known. Were her dress as smart as her wit, she would be one of the smartest-dressed women in New York, with a dash of rich color about her costume; but though known to have good taste in matters of dress, not even the most fastidious think for a moment whether she be well or ill costumed. They are conscious only of the marked personality—the keen, quick, snappy eyes, the half-quizzical expression that often leaves in doubt whether she be joking or serious, except when deeply moved, when that expression becomes almost painfully tense; a ready tongue, quick at repartee, rarely at a loss for a word, whether the dulcies of blarney or the barbs of war.

Of medium size and rather inclined to fullness of figure, though by no means stout; a countenance showing a strange blending of shrewdness and guilelessness, joy and suffering; hands invariably stained with chemicals, for she does practically all her work; utterly careless of dress or appearances, and just as apt as not to emerge suddenly from the dark room into a group of fashionably-dressed patrons with a cheery welcome, enveloped in a voluminous, badly stained developing apron, hair flying every way; face sometimes streaked with dust and developer where she has made a pass to brush aside a stray lock, that like its owner has rebelled at restraint; strongly individual, highly imaginative, and emotional; nervous of temperament, energetic with the energy of perpetual youth, for all that her hair is gray-streaked, and she is a grandmother; impulsive, quick-witted, original, devoted to her art, Gertrude Käsebier, painter by training, photographer by choice, member of the Linked Ring, and a founder and Fellow of the Photo-Secession, and recently created honorary member of the Camera Club of New York for her distinguished services to pictorial photography, is one of the most striking figures and vital forces in the entire professional photographic world.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

EMOTIONAL ART.

(AFTER READING THE "CRAFTSMAN," APRIL, 1907.)

IT was a long time ago, in the early days of the "movement," that I knew Mr. Theodosius Binny. He was an "artist" in gum and upon occasions fairly slobbered in it. Those were the supreme moments in his life when he was engaged in the creation of "emotional art," and they occurred on an average twice a day. For Theodosius Binny worked best upon an empty stomach; it was during the intervals between meal and meal, when there was a gap under his waistcoat, that what he had in his head was most crowded with emotions.

Like so many other gifted artists, he might have been a painter, but he wasn't. "I'm an anarchist," he would explain with a faint smile, "and rebel against the conventions by which painting is shackled. I must work in the freer atmosphere of irresponsibility that photography permits." So he bought him a camera, and proceeded to convert the bathroom into a dark and unclean place. This, of course, was before he had discovered his own greatness and his mission in the cause of "emotional art." Afterward, a studio could scarce contain him. I haven't mentioned that he was married; but he was, and what Mrs. Binny suffered for the "cause" is another story. It is no light matter, I take it, to be the sleeping partner of an emotional artist.

Genius, in the words of the hymn, "works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform;" and it would be idle for me to attempt to penetrate the mystery of Mr. Binny's genius, but I may describe some of the outward and visible signs of his inward and spiritual grace. For I myself have had the honor of being photographed by Mr. Binny. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that he once did me the favor of using me, as the doctors use a "case" on which to operate and experiment. He condescended, in fact, to try and make this poor body of mine a medium for his emotional art.

The interview was opened with mutual how-do-you-do's? I replied that I was feeling very well; and inwardly prayed that for the sake of art the lie might go unrecorded. For how can an ordinary man feel very well, when left alone for the first time with an emotional artist? However, the discrepancy between my brave words and halting spirit escaped the notice of Theodosius Binny, whose point of view was essentially and exclusively subjective. "Oh! don't ask me," he gasped, in answer to my formal inquiry. "My colon is excoriated throughout its entire length; my pericardium one huge maculation, and I cherish the torment of a partially removed appendix." I was aimlessly wondering which part, as he burst out in a kind of prolonged sob: "But it is out of the suffering of the body that the artist reaches up to the emotionalism of his soul. It is only, when the whole fabric of his flesh collapses into a palpitating confusion of pain, that his spirit is disengaged and rises to sublimity. That is why we artists glory in our missions, cherish our weaknesses, and are in love with pain. Ah! Mr. Caffin, what can you know of an artist's sufferings?" "Little, indeed," I admitted sympathetically.

"Nothing," said Mr. Binny with exaltation. Whatever might have been my conjectures regarding the sufferings of artists, they were soon forgotten, as you shall hear, in the consciousness of my own.

For Mr. Binny now began to make preparations for the sitting; and, considering that his little body was consumed with disease, the vigor of his actions was amazing. With a kick he sent the big platform spinning into the center of the studio; simultaneously his right hand removed from it a large old-fashioned arm-chair and flung it into a corner, while his left hand caught up a reading-desk and hurled it onto the platform. Then, standing at a distance from it, he pitched books, sofa-cushions and draperies at the desk; running hither and thither in search of objects of local color, or dashing up on to the platform to punch a cushion, work his knees into a drapery, and kick about the books, with a view to creating an appearance of spontaneousness.

"Get up," he said imperiously; and, mounting the platform I stood and leaned upon the reading-desk. By this time I had become so amazed at the rapidity and energy with which the furniture had flown about, that I could only debate feebly in my exhausted mind, whether it would be better to assume the pose of the figure of the late Horace Greeley in front of the Tribune Building or that of the Reverend Mr. Channing in Herbert Adams's memorial at Boston. I can not recall that I ever settled this point, for now Mr. Binny with both hands began to pull up and down the blinds of the skylight, and the light flashed back and forth about my face, until I began to think of poor mad Lear with the lightnings playing around his head. Then from a corner Mr. Binny rushed into action a thing that set me musing on machine-guns. The upper part of him disappeared into its body which was draped about with a black cloth. Then gripping the thing's sides with his arms, he started it on to a run, racing it round and round the platform, giving the latter every once in a while a hind kick that made it spin. How long this awful onslaught lasted I can not say; my brain was dazed and reeling, as if yielding to the influence of an anesthetic; and the last sensation I recall was that I was gibbering that line of Virgil's—"So arduous a labor 'twas to found the Roman State!" Nothing, my God! nothing, compared to working up the frenzy of emotional art!

I was awakened from stupor by the voice of Mr. Binny. My unconsciousness must have lasted a long time, for he was emerging from his dark-room with a freshly developed negative.

"There," he exclaimed, holding the glass by the tips of his fingers, first against the light and then against his coat-sleeve; "there, is the first step in the production of emotional art; the mere bare bones, as you may say, which my genius through the resourcefulness of gum, will clothe with emotional expression. Into this material presentment I will breathe the spirit of my own genius. Were it not that, like all artists, I shun recognition and abhor self-praise, I would tell you of the solemn, almost saintly observations of one of my clients. It was Mr. — no, I won't mention his name, but he was one of the magnates of Standard Oil. 'I myself,' he said, 'have made some trifling success in oils, as Titian did; but you, Mr. Binny, have

harnessed to your tripod nature's own illuminant, that needeth neither pumping nor pipe-line, dispenseth with rebates, suffereth no fluctuations, and is to be cornered only by genius—God's eternal, inexhaustible sunshine. Only the photographer, who has risen to the supreme heights of emotional expression, as you have, Mr. Binny, is the real master-magician of the universe, and the fact that you may occasionally be shy of the price of a quick lunch cuts no ice. That is but incidental, and, after all, as I impress upon my Sunday-school class, it is the fundamental only that really counts."

"I should tell you," continued Mr. Binny, licking his lips, as he had a habit of doing after enunciating a great thought or using a big word, "that this beautiful enthusiasm had been aroused by the sight of my emotionalized gum portrait of himself. At first he could not be induced to look at it. He was appalled by the anticipation of its beauty. 'There are limits,' he said fervently, 'even to my vanity. Were I to see the creation of your gummy emotions, I should grovel before it in abject mumbo-jumbo prostrations, and I have made it a habit to worship even my Creator with moderation, in a standing posture, or at most with a slight inclination of my seated body. In this way I can better maintain the equality that should exist between Us. Of course,' he added, 'I am willing to admit a wider difference between myself and you, Mr. Binny; but, even so, I should wish to indulge in my worship of your genius without prejudice to the set of my trousers.' So we arranged a compromise, and my client, for a consideration, gives himself the occasional rapture of borrowing the print. He hangs it in his bathroom, that his excess of admiration and the worship it inspires may not cause his trousers to bulge at the knees."

This recital alarmed me. Perhaps the gum-emotion of myself might turn out to be as beautiful. If so, what havoc it would play with my peace of mind, for I have a dread of delirium. On the other hand, its beauty might not impress me and what an affront that would be to the genius of Mr. Binny! So I awaited with apprehension the summons to his studio. It came; I went, and imagine my relief, when the gifted emotionalist handed me a straight platinum print. "Sir," he said in tones of reproach, "I have gummed at you and you would not stir my emotions; though I mingled the sweat of anguish with the gum bichromate, you would not respond, except in blobs and blurs and blotches. You're so average a person that you are immune from even my art-emotionalism."

"Thank you," I said meekly. It was only later that I realized the depth of my gratitude. But for the grace of God, I might have been the victim of dementia gum-emotionalis.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

NOTES RELATING TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.



AMONG the many problems connected with that of taking photographs in natural colors is one, the solution of which, though of extreme importance, has received but scant attention from investigators :

I refer to that peculiarity, that, while certain photographs must represent the objects in the colors in which they are seen at the time of taking, a great many others must be made to represent the objects as they would appear if illuminated by white light.

Reproductions of landscapes and exteriors belong to the first category, while reproductions of paintings, art objects, etc., belong to the second. Portraits, also, generally belong to the second, but for reasons to be later developed, they, as well as mural paintings and frescoes, may, in some cases, be classed in the first category.

A moment's reflection will show the reason for this classification. It is evident, even to the most unobservant person, that the color of a landscape varies enormously at different hours and on different days. These differences in color are not only those due to the progressive absorption of the different light rays by the increasing thickness of the atmospheric stratum as the sun sinks lower and lower, but are also due to local atmospheric conditions. It is clear that a color photograph of such a landscape must be a faithful interpretation of the conditions existing at the time of the taking of the photograph.

In the case of color photographs of paintings, art objects, etc., this interpretation of existing conditions is not desirable.

It is obvious, though the eyes of the great majority of people are not sufficiently trained to observe it, that the colors of such paintings, etc., vary with the atmospheric conditions. The colors of a painting in a studio exposed to the north and illuminated by a blue sky are not the same as those of the same painting exposed to direct sunlight.

This being admitted, it is clear that the duty of the photographer is, to either illuminate such objects with white light, or, to so change the relative exposure for the different colors as to obtain this result.

An idea of how much these relative exposures must be varied in order to reproduce white as white can be obtained by referring to the results of the experiments of Messrs. Precht and Stenger, who, on one day, a sunny one, found the relative exposures necessary to obtain white to be

Blue	Green	Red
1	3.2	8.8

and on another day, a dull, cloudy one, found that to obtain the same results, the exposures had to be

Blue	Green	Red
1	5.1	21.3

Portraits, and by that I mean ordinary portraiture, not genre compositions, obviously come under this class. It would be manifestly unfair to

have a person's appearance depend upon the weather conditions at the time of the taking. We must, therefore, be able to modify the quality of the light reaching the plate so as to make it the equivalent of white light.

If this be judged too glaring, it can as will be shown later, be mellowed to any extent.

Exception has purposely been made to the color-reproductions of frescoes, mural paintings, etc. These, in justice to the painter, must, if possible, be reproduced in their setting and in the light in which they are intended to be seen.

ATMOSPHERIC ABSORPTION OF LIGHT.

The following figures deduced from the formula given by Lord Rayleigh in the Phil. Trans. of R. S. 1887, show how important are the variations in the quality of the light at different hours of the day.

Assuming that sunlight before traversing the atmosphere is made up of 1000 parts of each color, the amount of the different colors transmitted through varying thicknesses of atmosphere will be as shown in the table, the figures 1-2-3-8, being the relative thicknesses of atmosphere traversed and 90°-30°, etc., indicating the elevation of the sun above the horizon.

	1 Atmosphere or 90°	2 Atmosphere or 30°	3 Atmosphere or 19°30	8 Atmosphere or 7°30
Red at B	925	855	795	550
Orange at C	910	835	760	480
Yellow Orange at D	865	755	655	325
Green at E	805	645	520	170
Blue at F	735	545	405	85
Violet at H	510	250	120	0


As will be noticed sunlight in traversing 1 atmosphere loses about 9 per cent. of the red and nearly 49 per cent. of the violet—when it traverses 2 atmospheres, it loses 15 per cent. of the red and 75 per cent. of the violet. And, when it traverses 8 atmospheres, a little before sunset, it has lost 45 per cent. of the red and 100 per cent. of the violet. At 32 atmospheres, the sun being at the horizon, the yellow, the green and the blue and the violet are entirely absorbed.

The above table is for normal absorption. It is clear that there is an additional variation due to local atmospheric conditions, such as clouds, rain, haze, etc.

Such being the working conditions of the color-photographer, it follows that instruments must be used to measure, quickly and accurately, the quality of the light at the time of the taking of the photograph and must, moreover, have means, in his lens, to quickly make such corrections as may be necessary to ensure faithful reproduction of an object as it would appear in white light.

C. A. BRASSEUR.

AD INFINITUM.

 WAS honestly in search of information and guidance. I had turned from the reviews after having failed to find in them one atom of real originality, one word that could be of real help or inspiration. They conveyed chiefly the more or less valuable indices of their authors' likes and dislikes. He, the reviewer of the *X Journal*, liked this, hence it was good. He disliked that, it logically followed that it was bad: and—and—and—and—*ad infinitum*.

Here and there certain reviewers evidenced a semi-consciousness of the moribund nature of the stuff by attempting to vivify it with a saline infusion of smartness. Invariably there was an impudent assumption of authoritative finality, whose sole support, after careful search through the string of commonplace phrases composing the whole, was to be found in the assumption itself. Mainly the reviews were made up of the conventional verbiage of commercialized criticism. Even where, as it happened in rare instances, the reviewer *seemed* to have had an original opinion or conviction, it was too evident that he had put strong restraint on its expression, and embodied it in such quilted language that the point of its originality was cushioned beyond the possibility of imparting the slightest prick. Adverse criticism when anything beyond bald disapproval, seemed to flow from the well-spring of sheer malice, and to have been unsluiced by the consciousness that even the most docile and word-drugged reader would not everlastingly accept without protest—necklace-like-strings-of-words, without thought, candied beyond all semblance of candidness. It is one of the most characteristic traits of our humanity, that it experiences distinct pleasure in seeing somebody "biffed." This characteristic is looked upon by many as an evidence of manliness. On it is based the highly immoral doctrine of the right of might, immoral because right is a consequence of the contention of conflicting facts not forces. This characteristic worship of the right of might is, as a matter of fact, one of the lingering remnants of our primeval and artless savagery, a modern evidence of ancient barbarism. It is a popular vulgarity that evaporates under the illumination of refinement. It is to this trait that the popular critic invariably makes his appeal when he wishes to preserve his position as a purveyor of discriminating criticism. He knows his readers. He must preserve himself.

Under the semblance of criticising a picture, its maker is held up to ridicule through the medium of, sometimes clever, almost always vulgar, personal attack. If, as sometimes happened, the critic had a personal score to settle with the artist, the reviewer's words were inoculated with the virus of venom. There are at times critics who have their own dusky reasons for such course. Often they are sprung from resentment at the harsh repulsion of some prior friendly advance, or some presumptuous criticism of one of their own critiques. All this and more of like I found on studying the majority of reviews, but that for which I searched, I found not. And I wondered, and asked myself, "What seek these writers?" who are tolerated

because man must live and with whom, our own struggles having taught us how hard that is to manage sometimes, we are long-suffering, rather than take away another's means of bread. "What seek these writers in their contemplation of what they undertake to review and criticise? What to them mean these Life-flowers, these picture fancies and dreams? Is it possible that they think they really seek the beauty and inspiration embodied therein and would trace the source thereof, that they may point the way and give warning of sidetracks and by-ways?" But to my question came there no reply. Silence, only silence. Then I heard the knell of a bell with a tongue of gold, and I saw before me the things criticised and reviewed. And behold, the critics had concerned themselves chiefly with the dead things amongst them, the embalmed corpses and dried bones. The finer things they had passed with a laugh, just as I had seen things of high value rejected for more showy, tawdry objects because their worth was not understood; just as precious stones of great worth have been passed by those who recognized them only when cut, set and certified to by experts, because they were in the rough or looked like the trick of an April Fool. And these painters and artists, for what do they strive and expend their lives, all these, who covet more than tinsel vain-glory or current coin—these who are neither counterfeiters nor mummy-makers, but serious workers, laboring for a definite end? Surely not for the mere praise of the critic or the admiration of the public? Are they striving to express, as they see it, beauty? And Beauty, what is Beauty but a dream that dies at mortal touch as morning mists vanish before the sun?

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE six plates representing the work of Mr. George H. Seeley, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, furnish the readers of *CAMERA WORK* an opportunity of judging for themselves what vast strides this young photographer has recently made. Originally Seeley chose a path peculiarly his own. He has followed it close. He is undoubtedly one of the most original and earnest of the Photo-Secessionists. We believe that, good as his present work is, it is but the forerunner of still greater in the near future. The gravures were all made directly from the original negatives.

The three snapshots by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz are snapshots, nothing more, nothing less; but carefully studied ones. The gravures were made from the original 4 x 5 inch negatives.

A Nude, by Mr. W. W. Renwick, of New York, is a gravure made from the original negative.

PLATES

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

- I. Snapshot—From my Window, New York.
- II. Snapshot—From my Window, Berlin.
- III. Snapshot—In the New York Central Yards.

W. W. RENWICK.

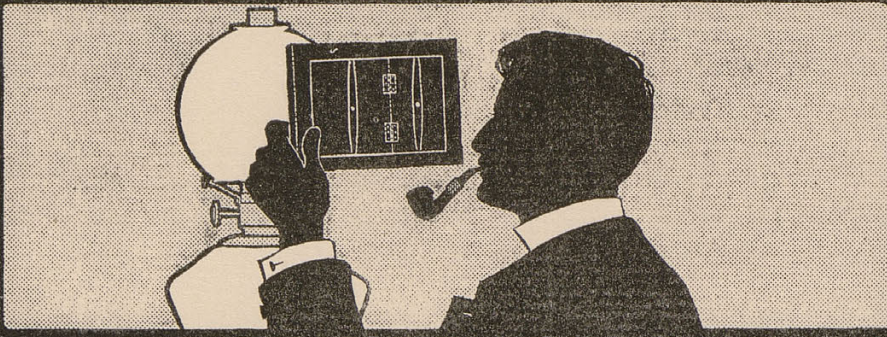
- IV. Nude.











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2 1/2 x 4 1/4	2dz. 45	5 1/2 x 7 3/4		65
3 1/2 x 3 1/2	2dz. 45	6 x 8		75
3 x 4	2dz. 45	6 1/2 x 8 1/2		80
3 1/2 x 4	2dz. 45	7 x 9		90
4 x 4	1dz. 30	7 1/2 x 9 1/2		1 00
3 1/4 x 4 1/4	2dz. 45	8 x 10		1 15
4 1/4 x 4 1/4	1dz. 30	10 x 12		1 65
3 1/2 x 5 1/2 Cab	30	11 x 14	1 15	2 20
3 1/2 x 5 1/2	45	12 x 15	1 35	2 50
4 x 5	30	14 x 17	1 75	3 30
4 1/4 x 5 1/2	45	16 x 20	2 25	4 35
4 x 6	45	17 x 20	2 50	4 80
4 1/4 x 6 1/2	45	18 x 22	2 85	5 40
4 3/4 x 6 1/2	45	20 x 24	3 30	6 30

Aristo

Carbon Sepia

DIRECTIONS

PRINT until the highlights are well tinted.

WASH through six changes of water about 70 degrees temperature, separating the prints thoroughly in each water.

FIX twenty minutes, or until the shadows are well cleared up, in hypo bath 30 grains hydrometer test, or 4 ozs. hypo crystals to 32 ozs. of water. Handle the prints over in this bath and keep them well separated.

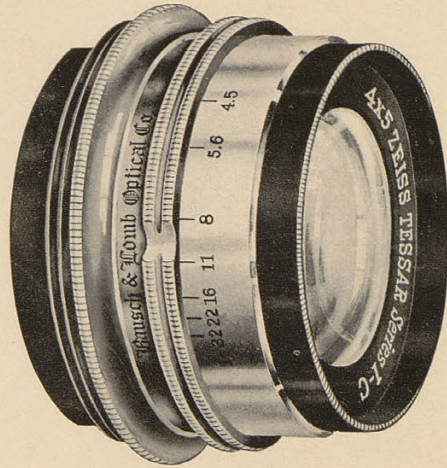
Take the prints from the hypo bath into a salt bath of 4 ozs. of common salt to a gallon of water. Keep the prints well separated in this bath for ten minutes. Then wash one hour in running water, or sixteen changes by hand, separating the prints thoroughly in each water. Dry between clean photographic blotters.

ANOTHER FORMULA
For Purple Tones

After printing, place prints one at a time, face down, into a tray containing 16 ozs. of water, to which has been added one-quarter oz. of common salt. When prints are all in, turn over the entire batch bringing the first prints in, to the top. In this solution the prints should be kept in motion and thoroughly separated. Allow them to remain in this solution until they turn to a purple tint, when the desired tone is reached transfer to a tray of clear water where they are left until the entire batch is toned, then transfer to another tray of clear water containing just enough sal-soda to make it feel smooth to the touch. Handle the prints over in this water for five minutes. Then remove them to hypo bath, and fix and finally wash according to the directions given above.

TO FLATTEN PRINTS

Proceed as follows: Take a piece of two or three inch gas pipe or a paste-board mailing tube two feet long and cover it with clean paper, pasting the paper to the tube. Cut a strip of heavy strong paper several yards long and two feet wide, roll same around tube, after a couple of turns roll the prints in face down between paper and tube—continue to roll until all prints are in and let them stand for an hour. Should prints curl too much reverse and put in roll for five or ten minutes.



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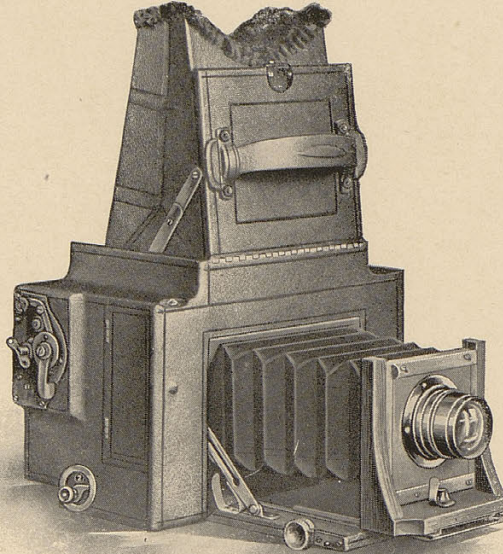
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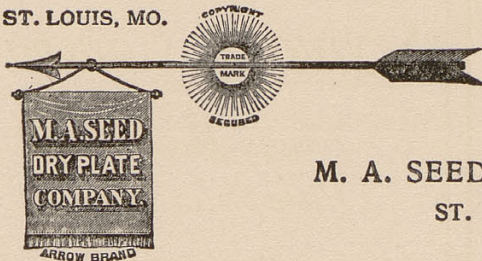
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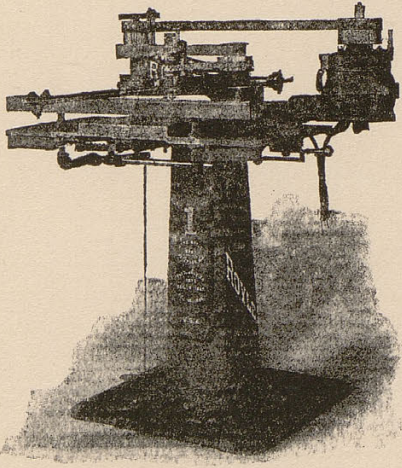
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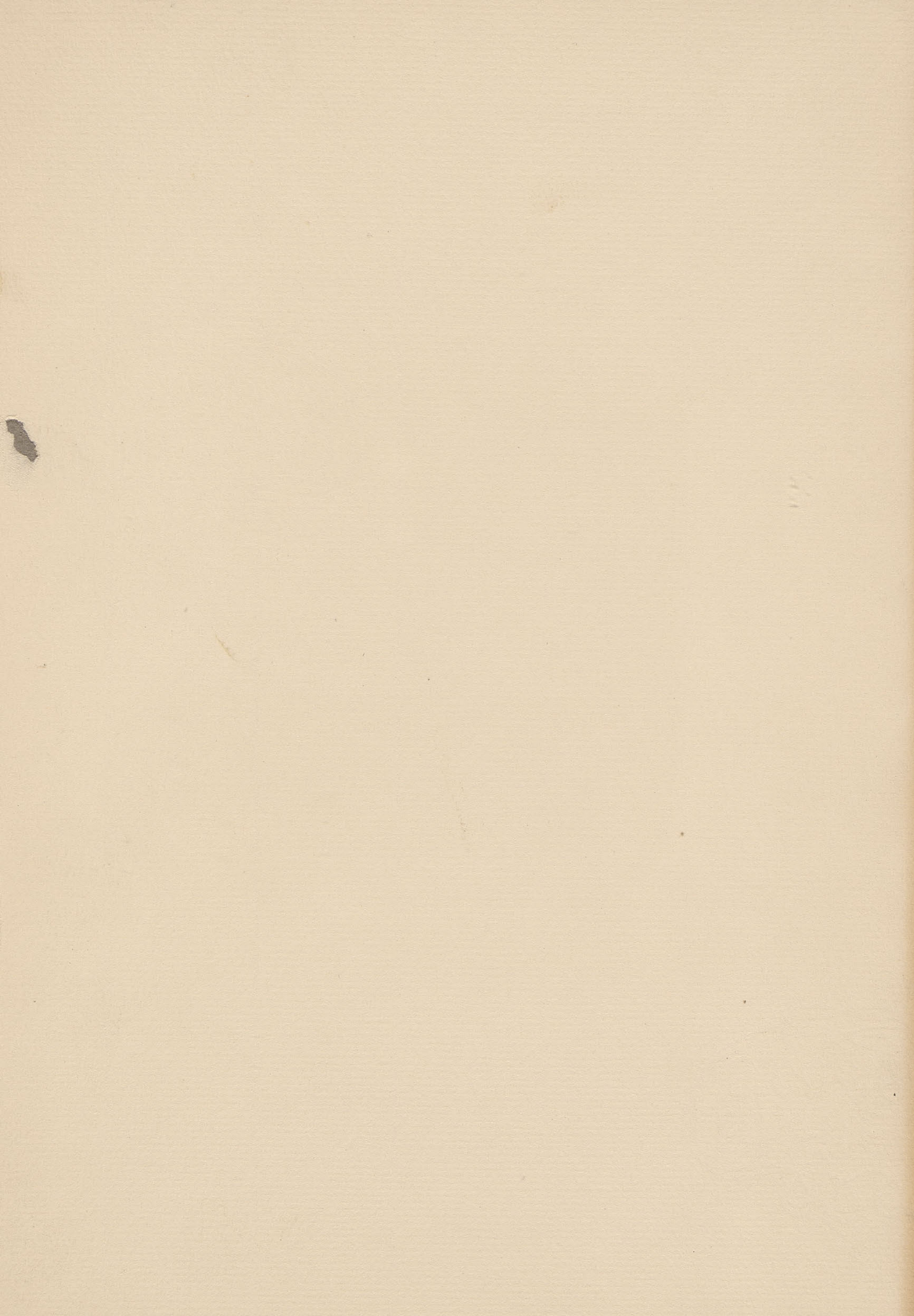
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